



BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

The letter was written in a formal clerk's hand, dated from the Admiralty, and signed with a hieroglyph which was no doubt the autograph of some high official. It ran as follows:

"Dear Sir: The Volunteer has brought intelligence that his majesty's ship Niobe, seventy-four, has put into the Cape of Good Hope to refit. She has lost her captain and first lieutenant overboard in a gale, and is reported severely damaged and short of all stores. The brig Speedwell has been loaded with the necessary material, and will take out an officer to bring the Niobe home. Captain Truscott, to whom this commission was offered, is at the last moment unable to sail. If you are in a position to take his place you will be good enough to start immediately for Mount's Bay, where the Speedwell was to put in on Thursday next. You will be carried as a free passenger to the Cape, where you will take over command of the Niobe; and for this purpose the present letter shall be a good and sufficient authority to the officer in charge to hand her over to you.

"In the event of your being unavoidably prevented from accepting you will be good enough to re-address and forward this letter to Captain Anderson at Portsmouth without delay."

Dick read without understanding anything beyond the general purport of the letter, but he grasped clearly enough that Camilla was lost to him for many months at least.

He roused himself to consider ways and means at once, and his eye fell upon the valise, which the messenger was still holding in his hand.

To his surprise he recognized it as his own.

"Where did you get this?" he asked.

"From your house, sir," replied the man. "There's a uniform and a few things in it his lordship thought you might want, as you wouldn't have time to go back to town."

"His lordship? Whom do you mean?"

"It was Lord Glamorgan, sir, that gave me the letter."

"Ah that explains it," exclaimed Dick. "But how did Lord Glamorgan or you know where I had gone?"

"His lordship sent me to your house, sir; and they sent me on to No. 23 Bedford square."

"And they told you there?"

"Yes, sir; they said you'd gone off after a wagon on the road to Guildford."

"Very well," said Dick; "now you had better go and bait your horse. Come to me in the parlor when you're ready to go back, and I'll give you an answer for Lord Glamorgan."

Half an hour afterward the man knocked at the door of the room where Dick was writing his acceptance to the Admiralty and his thanks to his patron for this second piece of cruel kindness. He handed them to the messenger with a liberal pourboire, and rang the bell to make arrangements for continuing his own journey.

While he was talking to the host a clatter of hoofs was heard outside the window.

"There goes my man," thought Dick; "he's a hot rider, it seems. I wish to heaven he had broken his neck on the way here."

CHAPTER X.

DICK HAD A LONG and hurried journey before him, and he made preparations accordingly for starting in good time on the following morning. He also tried once more to find out from the driver of the wagon where the De Montauts' baggage was to be delivered; but the man, though assured that Dick himself had no longer the time to follow him, stoutly refused to give any further answer, and by daybreak next morning he had disappeared, wagon and all, without giving any one a clue to his destination.

The sun was setting as Dick left Helston for the last stage of his journey. When he came in sight of Mount's Bay there was but one golden bar left in the western sky. Gradually this too faded, and a gray, misty twilight began to creep over the bay. St. Michael's Mount loomed in sight, weird as the enchanted castles of fairyland. In the highest turret glimmered a single light, making the mist more drear and the silence yet more desolate.

The opposite shore was wrapped in darkness, but on the broad water between twinkled here and there tiny restless sparks that Dick knew for the lanterns of the ships at anchor. One of them doubtless was the fate that he must follow. Will-o'-the-wisp or guiding-star, there it gleamed among the

rest, with the dim, shivering night around and the fathomless sea beneath.

A mile or two more, and they came rattling into the streets of Penzance, and Dick arose from his reverie. He inquired for the Speedwell, and found that she was lying out toward Newlyn, and was to sail at daybreak.

Her captain had been ashore that afternoon, looking out for a passenger who had been expected by the coach an hour before.

Dick engaged a boat and ordered supper at once; by 10 o'clock he was alongside the brig, and half an hour later fast asleep in his berth, forgetting for the present all journeys whether by land or sea.

He awoke next morning to find the ship already on her way. The captain was waiting for him on deck; a gray, wrinkled man with a short grizzled beard, and a somewhat slouching air about him, Dick thought.

"I'm your passenger," Dick said, "and I ought to have reported myself last night, but they told me you were busy, and I was too tired to wait. My name is Estcourt, captain of her majesty's ship Niobe, when you bring me to her."

"Ay, ay," replied the other; "I was in the service myself once; but I wasn't called Worsley then."

"Indeed!" said Dick, and stopped, embarrassed.

The captain was apparently troubled by no such feeling, and went on.

"I was broke for a trifle," he said; "a young man's folly. But I don't know that I've been much the worse. It's a hard service—the king's; you make no money in it, and glory's a thing I never took much account of."

Dick had nothing to say to this.

"Where shall I breakfast?" he asked.

"With me," said the captain. "You'll find me pretty snug below, and that's the main thing in the world, eh? I don't care how many trips I make in the Speedwell, if I'm always as comfortable and as well paid."

Dick could hardly say that he hoped never to make another voyage in the brig, or that he already wished this one was over; but both thoughts came distinctly into his mind.

"It was a stroke o' luck," continued his garrulous companion; "just a stroke o' luck. I'd nothing to do for long enough, and was getting a bit down; and then suddenly my lords find themselves short of a hand, and come running to me, cap off, and money down on the nail."

"That's pretty much what happened to me," said Dick; "they were in a hurry and the man before me failed them at the last moment."

"Ay, ay," replied the captain; "they must have been in a hurry too, or they'd never have come down on an old dog like me and such a ramshackle crew to carry his majesty's stores, let alone his majesty's officers," he added, with an affable grin.

"Oh!" said Dick, "what sort of fellows have you on board, then?"

"All sorts," answered the captain. "And more than that. There's English Jacks and French Johnnies, and a couple o' Spaniards and a nigger; I never saw such a first-to-hand lot in my life. They're willing enough, you know, but it's the rummest crew to be working a navy ship."

"The brig herself looks to be fast and well found," said Dick, with an approving eye on the white canvas bellying aloft.

"Oh, she's well enough," replied the captain, carelessly; "there's better and there's worse, no doubt. Let's go down to breakfast." And he led the way below.

So the days went by for the most part in cheerful content; only now and then his brow clouded when they spoke a passing ship, and answered the cheers and waving signals of English men and women homeward bound.

Sometimes he was even happy for an hour, for the water he sailed was so obscure or unknown sea. From Corunna to Cadiz there are names and memories upon its shore that might have stirred the very ship herself, as she swept past them with the flag of empire rippling at her mast-head.

On the ninth day they passed St. Vincent. The sun was setting, and the crags of the cape were sharply relieved against the opposite horizon, all aglow with answering fire. Far beyond them, lost in the vast glimmering distance toward the east, lay a yet more famous headland, and Dick, as he leaned over the bulwarks, and vainly strained his eyes toward Trafalgar, felt his breath quicken with a great inspiration and his hands clench with the fighting instinct of his race.

But now the Speedwell left the coasts of Europe, and passed on southward into the region of the islands. The ordinary route to the cape lies outside these groups, the Azores being the only stopping point on the voyage for most English vessels. Estcourt, seeing that the brig stood in to the east and took a more direct line, concluded at once that she was to touch at Madeira or the Canary Isles.

"No," said the captain, when he hazarded this conjecture; "I wish we could put into Funchal or Santa Cruz, they're both pleasant places, when you've a day or two to spare; but my orders are to sail straight for Boavista in the Cape Verd Islands. There's some

passengers to come aboard there."

"Passengers!" cried Dick, in astonishment.

"Oh, they won't trouble us long," said the captain; "they go off again at Ascension. I suppose they're going about looking after the government colonies in these parts. When we're rid of them, we shall have a clear run to the Cape."

Dick felt, by no means so anxious about their departure. He was pleased to think that he would, for some days at any rate, have the monotony of his voyage, enlivened by new companions, and he began to look forward eagerly to the moment when he would no longer be alone at every meal with old Worsley and his flow of demoralized conversation.

A few days more and Madeira was left on the starboard quarter; they passed through the Canaries, between Tenerife and Grand Canary, and on April 15th came at last in sight of Boavista, and dropped anchor toward evening in the roads on the northwest of the island.

Within a quarter of a mile of them lay a large merchant-vessel with English colors at the top, and Dick was not long in getting a boat lowered and rowing off to visit her. She turned out to be the Hamilton, from Southampton to Bahia. Her captain greeted Dick cordially, but he was almost alone on board, all the passengers having gone ashore for the day, and half the crew being away in search of water. "I hear," said Dick, "that you've some passengers for us. Who are they?"

"Madame Schuitz and M. Frochard," replied the captain. "They're Swiss colonists for Ascension—brother and sister; and there's a Spanish seaman, named Gildez, who's working out his passage to the Cape."

"I'm disappointed to hear that," said Dick. "I had hoped for one or two fellow-countrymen to talk to. We're dreadfully dull on the brig."

"Oh!" said the captain of the Hamilton, laughing, "you'll be lively enough now. Frochard is a first-rate fellow for stories, and speaks English capitally; and his sister's a real beauty, if only she wouldn't keep to herself so much."

The boats were now sent putting off from the shore. When they came near to the ships one of them left the rest and steered for the Speedwell.

"There go your passengers," said the captain to Dick. "They said good-by to me before leaving this morning, and now all that remains is for you to take their baggage over in your boat, if you'll be so good."

"Certainly," replied Dick; "I'm ready as soon as it is loaded."

"A vast there!" said the captain; "we're not so inhospitable as that. You must stay and meet the rest of our company at supper."

The remainder of the passengers were first coming on board. Estcourt was introduced to them all in turn, and they sat down to supper soon afterward. They were a very uninteresting lot; chiefly Portuguese and English men of business, voyaging for mercantile houses with a South American connection. But the crowded table, the hum of conversation, and the continual laughter were a change to Dick, and he delayed his departure till the last moment.

When he returned to his own ship he found that his new companions had already gone to their cabins. Their baggage was carried down to them, and finding that they were not likely to appear again that night Dick soon afterward turned in himself.

He was already drowsy, when he became slowly conscious that he was listening to a noise which seemed to have been going on for an indefinite length of time.

It was the sound of two voices, whether far off or near he could not tell; but the other seemed still like a voice in a dream, utterly remote from the real world, and yet in a way even more real to him than that which preceded and followed it.

Over and over again he thought himself on the point of remembrance, but he never quite reached it, and in a short time the bland, soothing tones overcame him like a spell, and he fell into a dreamless sleep.

When he awoke next morning the mysterious noises of the night had passed entirely from his recollection. He hastened on deck, and found that he was the first to arrive there. It was a fresh, breezy morning, and the brig was cutting the waves gallantly as she went southward in long tacks. Four or five miles away to starboard the Hamilton was winging her way to the westward, the courses of the two vessels diverging more and more with every minute. The islands lay like tiny clouds upon the horizon behind them, and the long, low coast-line of Africa was visible to larboard under a rainy sky.

Dick took a careful survey, and began to prophesy to himself about the weather.

"Those who are expecting today to be the same as yesterday," he murmured, sentimentally, "will be probably a good deal—"

As he spoke the words died away on his lips and the torpor of helplessness seized upon him. He could not turn his head, he could not move; but he heard behind him a voice that shook the inmost fibers of his soul. Whether it came from the sky or the sea, if he were mad or sane, living or dead, he knew not, but these were the lovely tones in which Camilla spoke in the old times before he had to begin life anew.

The voice came nearer, and still he could not or dared not move. Then, suddenly, another voice answered—the strange familiar voice of the night before; he remembered it in a flash, and knew it for Colonel de Montaut's.

He turned swiftly and was face to face with them.

The colonel came toward him at once with outstretched hand, and with a cordial smile upon his face; but Dick passed him and went forward to Camilla.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STOLE THE RATTLES.

AN OLD RATTLE SNAKE DESPOILED WHILE HE SLEPT.

Led Him by the Neck 100 Yards—"Jake" Wood Caught and Had Fun with His Snake before He Sold Him for a Dollar.



AROLD ROSENCRANS of Newton, N. J., has a live rattlesnake on exhibition in his place and it attracts a great deal of attention. It is not the largest snake ever captured, for it is only three feet six inches long. It is simply an old runt, says the Ophidian Record.

"Jake" Wood is the best known snake-catcher in the neighborhood of Swartswood. He has brought in any number of pilots, black snakes and dangerous rattlers, and he plays with the latter as carelessly as though they were of the harmless water snake species. This particular snake has seven rattles on the end of his tail, and five more lie in one corner of "Vic" Rosencrans' case, and thereon hangs this tale.

"Jake" and "Jim" Smith had been out after a woodchuck, but, not being able to dig or smoke him out, were returning home in ill-humor when "Jake" discovered the old and decrepit rattler asleep at full length in an open field. So quiet did he lie that "Jake" at first thought he was dead. But the mouth was closed, and a dead snake's fangs generally extend.

"See me get a rattle off his tail," said "Jake," and he went to a hedge and cut a pronged stick. Removing his heavy boots, he approached the snake as carefully as possible, and got in position to begin operations without alarming his snakeship. Then grasping the rattles with his right hand he squeezed off the last rattle with his thumb and forefinger, at the same time striving to pin the snake's head down under the pronged stick with his left.

The old snake woke up much quicker than it takes to tell it, and, as "Jake's" left hand had not acted as quickly as his right, the head was raised and swung back in position to strike before the prongs had done their work. In an instant the fangs were struck against the stick, and "Jake" got to a safe distance unarmed. "Jake" is used to surprises, but not to missing a snake's head when he prongs it, and he was just a little rattled.

"Some day they'll be pumpin' whisky into you and suckin' poison out," said "Jim."

"You go to thunder," said "Jake."

"I'm going to get some more of them there rattles, now, jest to fool you."

He again advanced to the thoroughly angry snake, and at the first attempt landed the prongs on the snake's neck, eight inches from the head, and pinned him squirming and twisting to the ground. The prongs were light and "Jim" expected to see the snake free himself, so stout were his struggles. The wicked head was turned about and landed blow after blow upon the stick. "Jake" was unharmed.

"Stay there, consarn ye, till I get through with ye," he fiercely remarked. Then he caught the tail and pinched off four more of the rattles and put them in his pocket with a laugh of triumph. Then raising the prongs a little he let the snake move forward, and guided him 100 yards to a milk spring, where "Jim" found an empty milk can. The snake was forced to crawl into this, and the lid was placed on it. "Jake" and "Jim" then carried it up to "Vic" Rosencrans, who gave "Jake" a dollar for it.

A Novel Scrap-Book.

Dr. A. R. Goodrich of Vernon, ex-comptroller and ex-treasurer of Connecticut and widely known throughout that state, has a curious and interesting scrap-book, the like of which is probably not to be found elsewhere. The most striking feature of the contents consists in sample tickets of political parties in Connecticut, national, state and town, for every year from 1848 down to date. First on the list (for Dr. Goodrich is a sterling Democrat of the old school) is a ticket which was cast in Vernon for the Democratic state candidates in 1848.

Do Not Want Money.

According to Capt. Younghusband, lately assistant English resident at Chitral, a mountain district of India which has just been attracting considerable attention, the principal evil in the mountains outside of his station is the want of desire for money. The mountaineers, secluded from mankind amid their hills, have never used any money, and consequently have no idea of the value of coins.

Oh, No! Just Sassy.

A Bangor, Me., man wasn't mad nor anything the other day when he came home and found his wife painting the furniture with his shaving brush!—Ex.

TOMB OF THE BONAPARTES.

Where the Remains of Five of the Illustrious Family Rest.

As all Paris was flocking out of the city, we determined to flock out too, and to inspect a monument we had often heard of, but never seen—namely, the graves of the Bonapartes, writes a Paris correspondent. The church in which the coffins rest is in the little village of Saint Leu, half an hour from Paris by rail. It contains five tombs; those of Charles Bonaparte, the father of the great Napoleon; of the eldest son of Hortense, the baby whom Napoleon had chosen for his heir, and whose untimely death at the age of two decided the divorce of Josephine. The gossip of that day said that the adopted heir of the great emperor was also his son, but rumor is proverbially a liar. The church was restored and the tombs put in order by Napoleon III. in 1859, when he was first president. So, of course, the places of honor are bestowed on the prince president's father, Louis Bonaparte, who is clad in the royal ermine and extending one arm with a magnificent gesture so full of royal dignity as to be inappropriate for the insignificant brother of the great Napoleon, respecting whom it was tersely remarked that he was neither the ruler of his kingdom nor the father of his sons. Here rest also the remains of the brother of Napoleon III., the young prince who was killed in a skirmish near Forli at the age of 27, before his wish to see active military service had ever been realized. Once more history repeated itself, for the uncle's death strongly resembled that of his brother's son, the prince imperial, in Zululand, and the same accusation of foul play was brought in both cases. The fifth tomb is empty, as Napoleon III. intended to be interred there himself, but the fates were against him, and he lies in England instead. On the pedestal of the statue of Louis are portrait medallions of different tenants of the vault. The first is that of the founder of the family, Charles Bonaparte. Less happy than his wife, afterward known as Mme. Mere, he never lived to see the improbable triumphant career of his son Napoleon, and, on the contrary, his death agony, which was terrible, as he died of cancer of the stomach, was given added torture by the thought that he left his wife and helpless children practically destitute. He was but 39 when he died, and the medallion shows us a face of ideal and manly beauty of feature and outline. The vaults was chill and damp, the tombs unvisited and neglected, for none of the family ever go there. An unpleasant thrill warns us that we are looking at the eternal tomb of the graves of the Bonapartes, writes a these people dead, but they are forgotten, and never again will a scion of that family stir into the faintest ripple the sea of oblivion into which they are now sunk forever.

Cigarettes Make Poor Scholars.

Scholarship has so deteriorated in the schools in Allentown, Pa., or count of cigarette smoking that the school board has taken the matter in hand, and given notice through the newspapers to dealers in tobacco not to sell to boys under 16 years, or they would be prosecuted.

STUB ENDS OF THOUGHT.

Art is an acquired habit. The house is cold when loves goes out. A woman's kingdom is anarchy if there be no man in it. Well regulated love is six of one and half a dozen of the other. A fool and his money are soon parted, for the general good of mankind. Matrimony is a hard teacher, but some people will learn under no other. Time and tide wait for no man, but if they did some men would get there late just the same. Some young people who marry in haste have to hustle so for a living that they have no leisure in which to repent. The man with a million dollars thinks more of feeding one man a million times than he thinks of feeding a million men one time.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy teaches a man not only how to live, but best of all, how to die. Waste nothing—I have seen the time I would give 2 dollars and a half for a single frickshun match. It is a grate risk to enny man to be trusted on his honesty; the best way to keep mankind honest is to make them so. There is grate danger in politeness lozeling itself in mere flattery; even then it may not loze all its force, but it certainly lozes its buty. I have allwuss found that it was a good deal eazier to git an audience with a major-general than it was with a fourth corporal ov one of the companies. The only way to know the length, breadth, and thickness ov a parent's luv, is to bekum a parent yureself; and I advise yu to do it the fust honest chance yu kan git. Mi friend, yu may think that yu are ov vast importance to preserve the balance of power; but how menny do yu suppose there are in this world who will kno, or even care, whether yu have ever lived or not 18 months after yu are ded? Not more than 276 enny how.